Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:
But this our purpose is twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cosen *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.
West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauie newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameles transformation
By those Welch-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.
King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our busines for the Holy-land.
West. This matcht with other like my Gracious Lord,
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Yong *Harry Percie*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillarie,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.
King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Staindewith the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balkt in their owne blood did sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon* plaine: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honorable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha, Cosen is it not? In faith it is.
West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sinne
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*,
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tong,
Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her pride,
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd
That some night-tripping *Fairy* had exchang'd
In Cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*,
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine,
But let him from my thoughts: What thinke you Cosen,
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Prisoners,
Which he in this aduenture hath surprisde,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word,
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.
West. This is his Vnckles teaching, This is *Worcester*.
Maleuolent to you in all aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your dignitie.
King. But I haue sent for him to answere this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.